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DIRGE.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

THE moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets,
And embroider'd the cover:
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas! pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you!—
An orphan you were,
Ere this misery befel you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corpse of your lover!

THE TWO VALENTINES.

BY MISS MITFORD.

VALENTINE'S Day is one of great stir and emotion in our little village. In large towns—especially in London—the wicked habit of quizzing has entirely destroyed the romance and illusion of that tender anniversary. But we in the country are, for the most part, uninfected by “over-wiseness,” or “over-niceness,” (to borrow two of Sir Walter Raleigh’s quaint but expressive phrases,) and are content to keep the gracious festival of love-making and *billets doux*, as simply and confidently as our ancestors of old. I do not mean to say, that every one of our youths and maidens pair on that day, like “goldfinch, bullfinch, greenfinch, and all the finches of the grove”—Heaven forbid!—Nor that the spirit of fun hath so utterly evaporated from us, that we have no display of innocent trick or harmless raillery on that licensed morn:—all that I contend for is, that, in our parts, some truth may be found lurking amidst the fictions of those annual rhymes—that many a village beau hath so broken the ice of his courtship—and that many a village belle hath felt her heart throb, as she glanced at the emblematic scroll, and tried to guess the sender, in spite of the assumed carelessness, the saucy head-tossings, and the pretty

poutings with which she attempted to veil her real interest. In short, there is something like sincerity amongst us, even in a Valentine—as witness the number of woings begun on the fourteenth of February, and finished in that usual end of courtships and comedies—a wedding—before Whitsuntide. Our little lame clerk, who keeps a sort of catalogue *raisonnée* of marriages, as a companion to the parish-register, computes those that issue from the bursting Valentine-bag of our postman, at not less than three and a half per annum—that is to say, seven between two years.

But—beside the matches which sprang, directly or indirectly, from the *billets* commonly called Valentines—there is another superstition connected with the day, which has no small influence on the destinies of our country maidens. They hold, that the first man whom they espy in the morning—provided that such man be neither of kin to them, nor married, nor an inmate of the same house—is to pass for their Valentine during the day; and, perhaps, (for this is the secret clause which makes the observation important,) to prove their husband for life. It is strange how much faith they put in this kind of *sortes de virginitate*—this turning over the living leaf of destiny; and how much pains they will take to cheat the fates and see the man they like best first in spite of the stars! One damsel, for instance, will go a quarter of a mile about, in the course of her ordinary avocations, in order to avoid a youth whom she does not fancy; another shall sit within doors, with her eyes shut, half the morning, until she hears the expected voice of the favorite swain;—whilst, on their part, our country lads take care to place themselves each in the way of his chosen she; and a pretty lass would think herself overlooked, if she had not three or four standing round her door, or sauntering beneath her window, before sunrise.

Now, one of the prettiest girls in our parish is, undoubtedly, Sally North. Pretty is hardly the proper phrase—Sally is a magnificent girl;—tall, far above the common height of woman, and large in proportion—but formed with the exactest symmetry, and distinguished by the firm, erect, and vigorous carriage, and the light elastic step, peculiar to those who are early accustomed to walk under burdens. Sally’s father is an eminent baker—the most celebrated personage in our village; beside supplying half the next town with genuine country bread, which he carries thither himself in his huge tilted cart, he hath struck into other arts of the oven, and furnishes all the breakfast-tables, within five miles, with genuine London rolls. No family of gentility can possibly get through the first meal without them. The rolls, to be sure, are—just like other rolls—very good, and nothing more; but some whim of a great man, or caprice of a fine lady, has put them in fashion; and so Sally walks round the parish every morning, with her great basket, piled to the very brim, poised on her pretty head—now lending it the light support of one slender hand, and now of another—the dancing black eyes, and the bright blushing smile that flash from under her burden,

as well as the perfect ease and grace with which she trips along, entirely taking away all painful impression of drudgery or toil. She is quite a figure for a painter, is Sally North—and the gipsy knows it. There is a gay, good-humored consciousness of her power and her beauty, as she passes on her morning round, carolling as merrily as the lark over her head, that makes no small part of her charm. The lass is clever too—sharp and shrewd in her dealings—and, although sufficiently civil and respectful to her superior, and never actually wanting in decorum, is said to dismiss the compliments of some of her beaux with a repartee, generally *brusque* and frequently poignant.

Of beaux—between the lacqueys of the houses that she takes in her circuit, and the wayfarers whom she picks up on the road—Sally hath more than a court beauty; and two of them—Mr Thompson, my Lord's gentleman of substance and gravity, not much turned of fifty; and Daniel Tubb, one of Sir John's gardeners, a strapping red-haired youth, as comely and merry as herself—were severally recommended, by the old and the young, as fitting matches for the pretty mistress of the rolls. But Sally silenced Mr. Thompson's fine speeches by a very stout, sturdy "No," and even inflicted a similar sentence (although so mildly, that Daniel did not quite despair) on his young rival; for Sally, who was seventeen last Candlemas-day, had been engaged these three years!

The love affair had begun at the Free School at Aberleigh; and the object of it, by name Stephen Long, was the son of a little farmer in the neighborhood, and about the same age with his fair mistress. There the resemblance ceased; for Stephen had been as incomparably the shortest and ugliest boy in the school, as Sally was the tallest and prettiest girl—being, indeed, of that stunted and large-headed appearance which betokens a dwarf, and is usually accompanied by features as unpleasant in their expression as they are grotesque in their form. But then he was the head boy, and, being held up by the master as a miracle of reading, writing, and cyphering, was a person of no small importance at Aberleigh; and Sally, being with all her cleverness, something of a dunce, owed to Stephen much obligation for assistance in the school-business. He arranged, cast up, and set in order on the slate, the few straggling figures which poor Sally called her sum—painted over, and reduced to something like form, the misshapen and disjointed letters in her copy-book—learned all her lessons himself, and tried most ineffectually to teach them to her—and, finally, covered her unconquerable want of memory by the loudest and boldest prompting ever heard out of a theatre. Many a rap of the knuckles have Sally North's blunders cost Stephen Long, and vainly did the master admonish him to hold his tongue. Prompt he would—although so incorrigibly stupid was his fair mistress, that when the words were put into her mouth, she stumbled at repeating them; and Stephen's officious kindness commonly ended in their being punished in company—a consuetude, for his share of which the boy was gallant enough to rejoice. She was fully sensible of this flattering devotion, and repaid it, as far as lay in her power, by taking him under her protection at play-times, in return for the services which he rendered her in school; and, becoming more and more bound to him by a series of mutual good offices, finished by vindicating his ugliness, denying his pedantry, and, when twitted with his dwarfishness, boldly predicting that

he would grow. They walked together, talked together, laughed, romped, and quarreled—in short, it was a decided attachment; and, when our village Romeo was taken as an apprentice by a cousin of his mother's—a respectable hosier in Cheapside—it is on record, that his Juliet—the lightest hearted personage in the neighbourhood—cried for an hour and moped for a day. All the school stood amazed at her constancy!

Stephen, on his side, bore the test of absence, like a knight of Amadis his day. Never was *preux chevalier* so devoted to the lady of his love. Every letter home contained some tender message or fond inquiry; and, although the messages became gradually less and less intelligible, as the small pedantry of the country school-boy ripened into the full-blown affection of the London apprentice, still Sally was far from quarrelling with a love-message, on so small a ground as not understanding it; whilst, however mysterious his words might seem, his presents spoke his affection in a more homely and convincing language. Of such tokens there was no lack. The very first packet that he sent home, consisting of worsted mittens for his grandmother, a pair of cotton hoes for his sister, and a night-cap for his father, contained also a pair of scarlet garters for Sally; which attention was followed up, at every opportunity, by pincushions, ribbons, thimbles, needle-cases, and as great a variety of female ware as that with which Autolycus's basket was furnished. No wonder that Sally, in spite of occasional flirtations with Daniel Tubb, continued tolerably constant; especially as one of Stephen's sisters, who had been at service in London, affirmed that he was so much improved, as to be one of the smartest beaux in all Cheapside.

So affairs continued until this identical Valentine's day. Last spring, a written Valentine exceedingly choice in its decorations, had made its appearance at Master North's: rather out of date, it must be owned, since, being enclosed in a packet, to save postage, and sent by an opportunity, as the country phrase goes, it had been detained, either by accident or waggery, till the first of April; but this was none of Stephen's fault; there was the Valentine in the newest London taste, consisting of a raised groupe of roses and heart's-ease, executed on a kind of paper cut-work, which on being lifted up, turned into a cage, enclosing a dove—tender emblem!—with all the rapidity of a change in a pantomime. There the Valentine was; equally known for Stephen's, by the savor of verses and the flourish of the signature—the finest specimen of poetry and penmanship, as my friend the schoolmaster triumphantly asserted, that had ever been seen in Aberleigh. "The force of writing could no father go;" so, this year, our "good apprentice" determined to come himself to be her personal Valentine, and to renew, if not complete, their early engagement.

"On this determination being announced to Sally, it occasioned no small perturbation in that fair damsel; equally alarmed at the mental accomplishments and the personal defects of her constant swain. In fact, her feeling towards Stephen had been almost as idle and unsubstantial as the shadow of a rainbow. She liked to think of him, when she had nothing better to do; or to talk of him, when she had nothing better to say; or to be puzzled by his verses, or laughed at for his homage; but, as a real substantial Valentine, a present wooer, a future husband, and he so ugly, and a poet too—Oh dear! she was frightened to think of it!

This impression first broke forth to his sister—who communicated the news of his intended arrival—in a variety of questions, as to Stephen's height, and size, and complexion; especially as compared with Daniel Tubb's! and was afterward displayed to that rustic adorer himself; not by words, indeed, but by the encouraging silence and saucy smile with which she listened to his account of the debarcation of his cockney rival, from the top of the B— stage. "He' tinier than ever," quoth Daniel, "and the smartest dandy that ever was seen. I shall be your Valentine, after all, Sally," pursued her again; "for I could hide him with the shadow of my fist."

This was Valentine's eve. Valentine's morn saw Sally eyeing the two rivals, through a peep-hole in her little check curtain, as they stood side-by-side, on the green, watching for the first glimpse of their divinity. Never was seen such a contrast. Stephen, whose original square dwarfishness had fined down into a miniature dandy—sallow, strutting, and all over small—the very Tom Thumb of apprentices! Daniel, taller, bigger, ruddier, and heartier than ever—the actual Goliath of country lads! Never was such a contrast seen. At length, Sally, laughing, blushing, and bridling, sallied forth from the cottage—her huge roll basket, but not as usual filled with rolls, carried, not on her head, but in her hands. "I'm your Valentine, Sally! am I not?" exclaimed Daniel Tubb, darting towards her, "You saw me first; I know you saw me first," continued the ardent lover, proceeding to claim the salute usual on such occasions. "Pshaw! nonsense! let me alone then, Daniel, can't you?" was the reply of his mistress, advancing to Stephen, who perhaps dazzled by the beauty, perhaps astounded by the height of the fair giantess, remained motionless and speechless on the other side of the road. "Would you like a ride in my basket, this fine morning Mr. Stephen?" said the saucy lass emptying all his gifts, garters, pin-cushions, ribbons, and Valentines from their huge reservoir, and depositing it on the ground at his feet. "Don't be afraid; I'll be bound to carry you as easily as the little Italian boy carries his tray of images. He's not half the weight of the rolls—is he, Daniel?" pursued the unmerciful beauty. "For my part, I think he has grown shorter. Come, do step in!" And, with the word, the triumphant Daniel lifted up the discomfited beau, placed him safely in the basket, and hoisted the burden on Sally's head—to the unspeakable diversion of that saucy maiden, and the complete cure of Master Stephen's love. No need, after this, to declare which of the two rivals is Sally North's Valentine. I think, with the little clerk, that they will be married at Whitsunide, if not before.

OLD PHILPOTTS AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

ABOUT six weeks ago, I found myself domesticated very comfortably in the largest hotel at one of our celebrated baths. I wont particularize its name, but leave each of you to give it whatever denomination you please. We had capital amusement at the *table d'hôte*, which every day presented us with something either to laugh at or excite our admiration. One day, two gentlemen joined our party: and as I happened to sit next them, and to have the advantage of being tolerably conversant with their language, I entered into conversation with them in English. The taller of the two, whose name was Norman, was a very clever,

gentlemanly young fellow, as I ever met; with none of that prudish affectation which is often so distinguishing a characteristic of those anomalous islanders. The other—Tom Jenkins was his name—was as eccentric an individual as you could imagine. He was all things by turns, and nothing long. One day he was in the heroics, and quoted tragedy by the hour—the next, he was sentimental, and conjured up the most appalling catastrophes to the commonest events. He had also an idea that, as, unfortunately, life presented few situations of interest, it was quite proper, and, indeed, a meritorious act, to imagine them. He would point out a person at the opposite side of the table, and tell some dreadful anecdote of him: that he was the celebrated murderer, So-and-so—whoever might be the rage of newspapers—in disguise; and when you looked incredulous, and asked him if what he had been telling you was true, he would relapse into his usual free and easy manner, and answer you—"True! No, who the devil ever thought of such a thing! I was practising the extraordinary. 'Tis a way I've got."

It was really capital fun to attend to the conversation of this original. His friend entered fully into the extravagance of his humor; and I must confess that I have had few happier hours in the course of my existence than I spent with those two Englishmen. When a week or ten days' constant association had rendered us very well acquainted with each other, Norman one day took the opportunity of my being alone with him to tell me that he should, probably, in a short time, require my assistance, if I would be kind enough to give him so gratifying a proof of my friendship. I promised him, as you may imagine, all the aid in my power; and then he told me his story. Of course, he was in love; and, of course, also, the current of his true love did not, by any means, run smooth. An abominable guardian played the deuce with his prospects, and treated all his vows, and protestations with ineffable disdain. The guardian's sister, a maiden lady, with her affections considerably below zero, also conspired against Norman's addresses—more, as it seemed, to vent her malice on the unfortunate Mary Neville, than from any objections she could rationally advance against the wooer. But, luckily for my friend Norman, Miss Neville differed in opinion both from old Philpotts, her guardian, and Miss Juliana Arabella Philpotts, his sister. The young people had, very properly, considered that they were the best judges of what would conduce most to their own happiness; and had bound themselves, by vows which they believed as firmly bound them together, and were as sacredly registered in Heaven, as if a Bishop of sixteen stone had joined their hands at the altar, or the Pope himself had assisted in throwing the stocking. In short, they were what common mortals call "engaged," and waited either the consent of old Philpotts, or the expiration of his term of power, to be the happiest couple in Christendom. But neither of these events seemed likely to occur very soon; the lady was not at her own disposal till twenty-one, and she was only eighteen; and old Philpotts was one of those pig-headed blockheads who consider themselves always bound by their first determination, and who consider it infinitely below their dignity to make the slightest alteration in anything they have once resolved on. When the resolution is a good one, nothing can be more praiseworthy than this; but if, perchance, old Philpotts had, at any period of his life, expressed an

idea (and, unfortunately, this had actually occurred,) that all foreigners were thieves—a nation of saluts, unless speaking the language of Fleet-street and the Strand, would fail to convince him of the error. "Sir," he would say; "sir, I have said it, and they—are—thieves!"

This very positive gentleman, his sister, and Mary Neville, were now expected at the baths; and it was in consequence of knowing this that Norman had come a few days before their arrival, to avail himself of any opportunity that might occur, either to extort a consent from the old man, or make himself happy without it. In this very laudable design he asked my assistance—his eccentric friend, Tom Jenkins, he was afraid to trust in so delicate an adventure. All our plans were arranged—my cue was given me, with directions how to proceed—when one day a more than usual bustle in the hall announced an arrival, and one of the lackeys brought us the intelligence that the importation consisted of the party we expected. We had thought it more prudent not to let Jenkins into our plot at all; for he was such a hair-brained fellow, we did not know what havoc he might make, if allowed to have anything to do with it.

A few minutes after his arrival, having seen the ladies settled in their apartment, old Philpotts sallied forth to see, as he himself expressed it, how the land lay. On the lawn in front of the hotel, he unfortunately stumbled on Tom Jenkins, who immediately scented his quarry from afar, and determined to practice the "extraordinary," to the amazement of the new arrival. "Good morning, sir; fine day for a walk," said Mr. Jenkins, twirling the three seals of his watch round his forefinger.

"And wherefore don't you walk?" continued Tom, clapping his hand three times to his breast, like the great actor Kean, and grinning diabolically within an inch of old Philpott's face.

"Sir! I am walking," replied the other; "and feel uncommon glad, I assure ye, to have met with a country-men. Much company here, sir?"

"Yes, thousands! myriads! multitudes! I've seen the day when, with this arm, I could ha' made 'em skip—but I'm old now—old! old!"

"Old, sir? you don't look very old, however."

"But grief on me has done the work of years."

"Sorry to hear it, sir—nothing particular, I hope!"

"Avant! away! not all the waters of the mighty ocean could wash this damned blood off my hand!"

"Blood, sir!"

"Yes, blood! I could a tale unfold would shrivel up your heart with gasping horrors! O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

"Sir, that isn't my name—never heard of the gentleman; but if he is any friend of yours, I would advise"—

"Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!" exclaimed Tom, clenching his hands and knitting his brows, as if in the act of springing on Mr. Philpotts.

"Slain, sir? who's slain?"

"Mercutio."

"And who killed him?"

"Romeo."

"Then what the devil's the use of standing here? Call the police! Two bloody foreigners, I know by their names. By Jingo, if they had come before me when I was Mayor, I would have tickled Master Romeo—that's all. Help! help!"

"Hold, sir," said Tom; "Romeo, too, is dead!"

"Hanged! I'm glad of it."

"No, sir—poisoned, by his own hand."

"Here's a state of morals, to be sure? I wish I were safe home again; for such a set of infernal, murdering, poisoning ragamuffins as them shocking foreigners, it is impossible to conceive. No inquests, I suppose, in this disgusting country."

"No—let the stricken deer go weep—as for me, I'll go pray." And folding his arms across his chest, Tom walked stately away with his eyes bent on the ground.

"A good sort of a young man that," soliloquized old Philpotts; "says his prayers, I perceive; though I think he is the rummest mannered chap I ever encountered. By Jove, he'll frighten little Mary out of her senses, if he ever fall in with her, with his horrid stories of murders, and suicides, and all that; but still, he is one's country-man, and we musn't be shy to each other so far away from home."

While he was immersed in these reflections, I threw myself in his way, and, in consequence of my knowledge of his language, contrived to make myself very agreeable. I promised to act as his *cicerone* through the neighborhood, and point out who the company were at dinner; and the old man so far got over his antipathy to foreigners as to shake me by the hand and invite me to join his party at the *table d'hôte*—the very thing I wanted. Norman was delighted with the progress I had made, when I told him of it as I went to dress; for it was arranged that he should not appear in the *salon*. At the hour of dinner I was presented in due form to the family of my new friend. Miss Neville was quite an English beauty; beautiful skin and complexion, magnificent figure, and a dash of *mauvais honte*, that rendered her loveliness still more attractive. Miss Juliana Arabella Philpotts, on the other hand, might have passed for a smoke-dried Savoyard. The nearest and most descriptive epithet to describe her manner, I know of, in any language, is the English word "prime." Very thin lips, on which the sprinkling of periwinkles had rather overpowered the roses; a sharp-pointed nose, with the clearly defined bone seen all through its extent as clearly as if it had no covering of skin on it at all; and a peaked chin and shallow neck gave her a *tout ensemble* which was by no means prepossessing. Yet what will not friendship effect! To this stale maiden I resolved to devote myself; and being introduced to her in a particular manner by her brother, I seized her arm without further ceremony, and handed her most gallantly down to dinner. As we were just sitting down, our friend Tom Jenkins left the end of the room where his usual position was, and pushing briskly up to Mr. Philpotts, tapped him familiarly on the shoulder. "Well, old Philly, my buck, ain't you going to introduce me?" he said; and leered very knowingly round at my incomparable partner.

"Oh, certainly," said Philpotts. "Sister, this is Mr. A—a—"—

"Jenkins, Thomas Jenkins, No. 17 Temple. They call me rattle-brained Tom. There was Jack Swagers, Lord Fribble, Sir Anthony Puzzle, and I, we all dined together, one day last week, at Lady Betty Modish's. 'Demmee,' says Fribble, 'you are a comical dog, Tom Jenkins!' His lordship did me the honor to call me a dog."

"And you told me," said Mr. Philpotts, "he was a confoundedly impertinent fellow."

"Bah, Philly! hold thy foolish tongue."

"What the dev—"

"Poh! nonsense; no blustering," said Tom, sitting down quietly next Miss Neville; "I was only practising genteel comedy. 'Tis a way I've got."

"Is it?" said old Philpotts, nearly bursting with indignation; "then I advise you to get out of it as soon as possible."

I devoted myself assiduously to the care of Miss Juliana. Jenkins seemed equally absorbed in his attentions to Miss Neville; and the old gentleman sat between us, in a prodigious passion at the impertinence of Tom, and yet unwilling to come to an open quarrel before so many strangers. Tom rattled on and never minded him. Miss Neville was very much amused; and it was really as good a comedy to look at the rubicund countenance of old Philpotts, sulking and pouting with an assumption of offended dignity, and not eating a morsel the whole time of dinner. At last he addressed himself to me—"Count Von Addlehead," he said, "have you never no master of the ceremonies at a place like this, to turn impertinent fellows out of the room? By the Lord, if this Mr. Jenkins had come before me when I was Mayor—"

"No, sir," I answered; "the greatest liberty prevails at these watering-places; as a proof of it, I have asked Miss Philpotts, though only having so recently the happiness of her acquaintance, to stroll with me the rest of the evening."

"And I the very same thing, old boy," said Tom, "with my interesting friend."

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Philpotts; "you are the cursedest coxcomb I ever encountered. Miss Neville, I command you!"

"Thank you, Philly," interrupted the incorrigible Tom—"I didn't know the name before; Neville is a very pretty name. But don't interrupt people in the midst of delicious conversation. You can't imagine how disagreeable you make yourself."

"Count Von Addlehead," again exclaimed the infuriated Philpotts, "you are very welcome to walk with my sister; but as to this fellow here!"

"He is engaged to promenade with Miss Neville," said Tom.

"Brother Andrew," said Miss Philpotts, "the nobleman's name is Von Addle'em—not Addlehead."

"Nonsense, booby," replied the polished and positive Philpotts. "I have said it; his name—is—Addlehead."

"My dear sir," I said to him, "call me by any name you please; dinner, you perceive, is nearly over now, and it is not the custom here to remain at wine. With your approbation, I will show Miss Philpotts some of the lions in this neighborhood."

"Lions!—gracious me!" exclaimed the lady—"you don't mean to say there are any of those horrid brutes here! I can't bear the nasty animals—they look so very unamiable."

"Hush, booby!" responded the brother, "they're in a caravan, no doubt. It's not very likely he'll take you into a lion's den."

"A Daniel!—a second Daniel, by all that's wise!" said Tom Jenkins, slapping old Philpotts on the back.

"Who the devil was speaking to you, sir?—who told you to be so confounded familiar?" exclaimed that gentleman, turning round.

"Oh! never mind me, I beg," replied Tom; "treat

me just as one of the family. I have promised to take Miss Neville to the Upper Spring."

"She shan't go with you, sir—not a foot—not an inch; I can tell you that."

"Why you don't imagine I can go by myself, do you?"

"What do I care whether you go or not? Count Von Addlehead is going to take my sister; I have some business to do that will keep me at home; and Miss Neville!"

"Shall go with me—the very thing I proposed. Thank you old Potts—you're not half so ill-natured a fellow as you look."

"Potts?—fellow?—ill-natured?—What do you mean by all this impertinence?"

"Mean?" said Tom—"Nothing at all. I was only practising the intimate. 'Tis a way I've got."

"Practising or not, I desire no more of your acquaintance; and, to prevent any of your impertinence to this young lady, I shall put her under the Count's protection."

"Pardon me," I say; "it is a little against the etiquette of this place for one gentleman to monopolize two ladies. I have a friend who will be happy to take my place in guarding Miss Neville—a person who, unfortunately, can't speak a word of English, or, indeed, of any other language but high Bohemian."

"The very man," said Mr. Philpotts; "he will be no babbling blockhead, like this here Mr. Jenkins. Introduce her to him by all means. We have left some of our luggage at the baths we came from. I never can recollect the name of them—Slaigin—Slougan!"

"Schlangenbad?" I suggested.

"Ay, exactly; that's the name. And I must send off by the return postillion to make inquiry about it."

"There is but one other thing," I said; "and that is, that you will give me full authority over Miss Neville, in order that I may protect her with due effect from the approaches of any man I may object to."

"Very right. That's a slap at this insolent puppy, Tom Jenkins. Do you hear, Miss Neville!—you are to do exactly as this gentleman tells you. You are to obey him exactly as you would myself. Sister, I take you to witness these injunctions; and now off with you!"

The ladies went off to dress for their walk—I hurried up to my friend Norman's room—informed him of all our proceedings—helped him on with a wig and false mustachios, which made it impossible for his nearest friend to recognize him: and having told him to hold his tongue in the presence of old Philpotts, proceeded to the landing place to wait for our fair companions. We found there, Tom Jenkins and the old gentleman, in earnest conversation.

"And you forgive me, sir?" said Tom, with his head bent humbly on his breast—"forgive a wretch whom misery has made careless of his appearance."

"If you have been indeed unhappy, I bear no malice—not I," said Mr. Philpotts.

"Unhappy, sir! I have endured miseries so appalling in their extent, so diversified in their ramifications, that the heart sinks, the bosom palpitates, the eyes fail, the lips tremble, under their dismal recollections."

"Dear me! sorry to hear it; but you seem merry enough sometimes."

"Ay—the convulsive laughter of despair writhing the bosom with its mockery of joy. Sir, you see be-

fore you an orphan—not but that my father and mother are both alive—but that a severer calamity has befallen me than their death could be. I am alone in all the world—deserted at my utmost need—cast powerless on the rocks that girdle in the ocean of life, and lacerate the most severely him who has been tost on them by its tempests! O sir! may your situation never be so miserable as mine!—At four years of age my agonies began. Time passed on; but now—that youth is still in my possession—when hope and happiness ought to be spreading their sunshine over my existence—I feel—I feel—that I am wretched. I have—no—grandmother!”—Here Tom sobbed, and hid his face in a handkerchief.

“Grandmother! Bless my soul!—is all this grief you talk of, because you’ve lost your grandmother?”

“To be sure it is,” said Tom, looking up as merry as possible. “Don’t you think that was very tolerably done? I was only practising the sentimental. ’Tis a way I’ve got.”

Without saying another word, old Philpotts, who had really become interested in the narrative, lifted up his heavy gold-headed cane, and aimed a prodigious blow at the head of the unfortunate Tom. By an active jump he escaped it, and the stick flew into a thousand shivers against the ground.

In the meantime, I and Miss Juliana Arabella pursued our walk, closely followed by our transmogrified friend Norman, with the beautiful Miss Neville. Of course, I took the earliest opportunity I could find of separating our parties, and entertained my companion in the best way I could. As the evening began to approach she was very anxious to return; but, as I knew that every minute was precious to the lovers, I paid no attention to her wishes.

“Dear me!” she said, “I wonder how Miss N. gets on all this time with her dumb companion. She can’t speak a word of Bohemian.”

“Oh, she will soon learn,” I said; “it would be a pity to make her first lesson so short a one; besides, you English ladies, Miss Juliana”—and here I sighed very pathetically—“have such a language in your eyes! One needs no other dictionary than your looks.”

“Well, you’re a very civil man, Count Addlehead—I must say that, and, indeed, I haven’t near so bad an opinion of you foreigners as my brother. I only wonder he trusted this Bohemian nobleman with his ward; I suppose it was because he was sure he couldn’t pop the question, if he tried it ever so much. But, come, I insist on seeking them.” And away, in spite of all my entreaties, I was dragged. We had not gone very far, when, lounging slowly along the greensward road, we saw the objects of our search. I coughed to put them on their guard; but their ears were otherwise engaged. We got close to them before they were aware of our approach, and we distinctly heard the Bohemian say, in the purest English—

“This very night, dearest Mary; why do we waste the happiest days of our lives, waiting the caprices of such a contemptible old blockhead as old Philpotts, or such a withered-joy as his sister?”

“Ah! but how?” replied the lady, hesitating.

“Why, the carriage you came in has not yet returned to Schlangenbad; we can arrest it on its way, and fly from the thralldom those wretches keep you in. My friend, Count Adelheim, has promised us his assistance.”

“Has he indeed?” exclaimed my companion, letting

go my arm, and rushing upon Mary Neville with the ferocity of a wild cat. “I’ll teach you to run off, you little gipsy, with Bohemian swindlers? Come home, come home, I say! my brother will keep you under lock and key!”—

“Hold, madam,” I said; “it is time for me now to use the authority of your brother intrusted to me: Miss Neville, you will remember, is my ward. You will see her in safety to the carriage, which must now be on its return, Mr. Norman!”—

“Norman!” exclaimed Miss Philpotts—“worse and worse. My brother will go mad. Oh, you little hussy!”

“Hush! here comes the carriage,” I said.

“It is now too late for thought or hesitation,” whispered Norman. A sign stopped the postillions; the steps were let down; Norman and his beautiful bride were almost on the steps—when the whole party was thrown into confusion by the appearance of old Philpotts, out of breath, running with all his might, closely pursued by half a dozen soldiers in uniform of the grand duke. In order to explain this, I ought to have told you that our acquaintance, Tom Jenkins, was in a towering passion against old Philpotts, for attempting to strike him with his cane. According to his usual custom, he had gone on “practising heroics,” as he called it, till he had worked himself into a resolution to call the old gentleman out, for his insulting behavior. While waiting for our return to depute one of us to bear his message, he was addressed by the officer in command of the troops at the neighboring station, who very often relieved the tedium of his military duties by an hour or two amid the gayeties of the baths.

“Sir,” said Tom, in the thrilling whisper of another English tragedian, Macready—“there is in this house a monster stained with every crime.”

“Indeed!” replied the officer, looking all expectation.

“Yes, sir—a villain—shame that the wretch should bear the name of Englishman!—who, under the appearance of a decent civilian, carries about with him a heart fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils.”

“Treason!—did you say treason, sir?” inquired the officer.

“Ay, to be sure; he would delight in nothing more than plunging his stiletto into the heart of his serene highness.”

“Are you aware of this? Have you heard him say so?”

“Conspirators,” answered Tom, “are not in the habit of openly telling their designs. But this very day—nay, sir, this very hour!—he made an attempt on my life. Methinks I still see the uplifted sword!”

“This must be inquired into,” replied the officer.

“What is this detestable monster’s name?”

“Philpotts.”

“His age? appearance? dress?”

“About sixty-five, shabby brown coat, gray breeches white cotton leggins:—But, ha! methinks I see him down that walk. ’Tis he. Don’t you see that infernal looking stumpy old scoundrel, just diving into the wood? That’s the murderer!”

Without further colloquy, the officer despatched a guard, whom he found stationed at the well, with orders to bring the unsuspecting Philpotts before him, alive or dead. Off set the soldiers, double quick; and off, at no less a pace, set the alarmed ex-mayor. “Those cursed foreigners,” he thought “are, every soul of them, thieves and vagabonds. What the dick-

ens can those villains mean following after me?" And, as his fears rose with every minute, he quickened his steps, till he urged himself actually to the top of his speed.

"Count Von Addlehead!" he cried, as soon he came in hearing; "for mercy's sake, stop those infernal fellows with guns!—they've chased me this last ten minutes—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

The soldiers now ordered us in German to arrest the fugitive, on pain of high treason. Miss Neville, and even Norman, were petrified with amazement, and Miss Juliana thought proper to faint in my arms. At this moment, Tom Jenkins rushed among us from the bushes at the side of the road. "Hush, Adelheim!" he said—"not a word; 'tis a delicious contrivance of my own. Don't you think 'tis inimitably managed?" The soldiers now presented their muskets, and pointed them at old Philpott's head. And the sergeant who led the party told him in German, "that unless he surrendered peaceably, he would immediately give orders to fire. Old Philpott, who did not comprehend a word of the language, only understood from their motions that they were about to shoot him!"

"Oh, Lord! such a death for a man to die, in these infernal foreign parts! Will none of you tell the rascals not to shoot? Addlehead! speak to them. Tell them I've done nothing wrong!"

I shook my head, and said in English, that I dared not interfere.

"You bloody-minded Jenkins!" he went on; "won't you just say a word to those fellows, in their own cursed tongue, to stop them from committing a murder? You, Mary Neville, what's the use of all your German lessons, if you cannot tell them to put away their confounded muskets?"

I now thought it proper to interfere, and asked the sergeant the cause of the arrest.

"What does he say? What does the spluttering vagabond say?" cried Philpott.

"That you are arrested on accusation of treason and murder!"

"I for treason? Why, I could buy, their whole country, root and branch! It's a lie, I say; and, as for murder!"

"But, in the meantime," I whispered, "they are just going to fire."

"You don't say so? Who will tell them that I'm a quiet respectable gentleman? I'll give him whatever he likes?" The soldiers had now approached, with muskets still pointed; and two of them pounced upon him and held his arms in spite of his struggles to get free.

"'Tis a pity, old Schlungenbad," said Jenkins, "that they don't shoot you. 'Tis a more honorable death than hanging."

"Hanging! O Lud! what will all this come to! Mary Neville, just say three words in German to those fellows, and I'll give my consent immediately."

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Juliana, who had now recovered, "do no such thing. That Bohemian—who do you think he is? Why, none but Mr. Norman."

"Norman or Bohemian—what's that to the gallows? I have said it—if you get me out of this scrape, I will give my consent."

"Will you?" exclaimed Tom Jenkins; "then I'll settle the business in a moment. I'll tell the com-

manding officer, I was only 'practising the mysterious.' 'Tis a way I've got."

But Norman took the lead in procuring his discharge; and a few minutes' conversation with the officer, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, put all matters to rights. You must imagine all the rest. The old gentleman performed his promise, though with a very ill grace; and in a week after these occurrences, returned to England, leaving Norman and his bride to finish their tour through the Continent. He took advice to prosecuting Tom Jenkins for defamation; but, on being threatened with a counter-prosecution for assault and battery, he desisted from his plea, but vowed that, if he ever caught Master Jenkins at his bar in the Mansion-house, he would have treated him to six months of the tread-mill, by way of practising the industrious. 'Twas a way he had got."

Original.

THE GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

WHAT boots it if no tear be shed
Above this long neglected tomb?
A heart-crush'd child was hither led
To die amid the forest gloom.
The flowers their lovely chapiets weave!
The rills in mournful numbers tell,
That they are all that ever grieve,
For him who thus forgotten fell.
The form that lay beneath the sod,
Is now a seraph with its God.
Ah, that alone should hallow graves!
And oft elsewhere, as earth is riven,
Nature amid her fury craves
"Peace for the dead!" and it is given.
The earthquake seems to rock the bones
Where worlds in dead convention sleep,
And e'en the thunder's awful tones
From mound to mound, unheeded, leap;
A trump will rend their canopy,
Compared to which, the tempest's shock
Murmurs like the retreating sea
Repell'd by the unyielding rock.
Thine is a grave where not an eye!
Can weep thy loss, none leep thy name—
Where not a breast will heave a sigh
For one unknown to fame.
Save some lone bird her flight shall wing
To rear her pilgrims of the sky,
The year may wane, and summer bring
No sound of mute creation nigh.
When quiet stars, at evening's fall,
Twinkle above thy lowly bier
Like spirits beaconing there, to call
Earth's slumbering tenants to their sphere,
Oh, who would not unlink the chain
Which binds our spirit's destiny?
When here in solitude we gain
A foretaste of Eternity.

Original.

MRS. DOWNER AND HER HUSBAND'S SHIRT COLLAR.

BY DARBY DUSENBERRY.

IN the little town of B. there lived, not many years ago, a worthy and respectable farmer by the name of Downer. He was well-to-do in the world, as the phrase is, and possessed the respect and esteem of his neighbors and "fellow-citizens," as was fully proved by the fact of his having been chosen, for several years in succession, one of the "select men" of the town.

Mr. Downer was the father of a large family; and his better-half was a pattern of a woman. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and inherited from her parents no small degree of pride, and a fondness for show, which has too often proved a stumbling-block to many in the road to happiness. But Mrs. Downer's "showing off" was not so much the result of vanity as of a desire to demonstrate her *substantiality*, and keep up a dignity consistent with her means and standing in the world. Yet, notwithstanding this little foible, as some would term it, she was a most excellent woman in all respects; pious, benevolent, and truly exemplary; possessing the love and esteem of all who knew her intimately enough to become aware of her good qualities.

The Downer children were noted as being the best dressed, and—which reflected more credit on their mother than anything else could do—the *best behaved* children in the whole town. I cannot attempt to give any idea of the pride which Mrs. Downer took in her boys and girls—any mother can doubtless fully imagine it, while others know just as much about it as I do. Suffice it to say, that they were children of whom their mother might well be proud; which is saying a good deal for her, as well as for them; for most mothers, who happen to think much of their offspring, are apt to metamorphose naturally good-tempered, interesting, and amiable children, by making dolls of them and humoring them, into very uninteresting and disagreeable little brats. But such was not the case with Mrs. Downer.

As for Mr. Downer, he was what is called, all the world over, an "easy sort of a man;" and as different from his wife, in some respects, as could well be imagined. It was all in vain that Mrs. Downer tried to make him dress like a gentleman, or anything of the sort. Being naturally a good-looking man, tall and well made, his wife was extremely desirous that he should dress in such a manner as would show him to advantage; and it was a cause of great mortification to her to see him going off to the village in his tow-trowsers and green baize round-a-bout, just as he came from the field; while many other men, not worth a quarter as much, and not, naturally, half as good-looking, made by being dressed more decently, as she called it, a much better show. And many a good scolding did she bestow upon him for his negligence in respect to dress; constantly declaring, that had he been more attentive to that one thing, he would by this time have been a colonel in the militia, at least, and perhaps a Brigadier General. However, Mr. Downer only laughed at her notions; although, by way of compromise, he suffered himself to be guided by his better-half in this all-important matter once a week—that is, on Sundays. Then the good woman had it all her own way; and if she did not make amends for his everyday looks, it was no fault of hers. If his boots didn't shine, then there was no virtue in black-ball and little Joe Downer's elbow. If his coat, pants, and vest were not free from lint, there was no use in brushing. If his dickies were not stiff, there was no stiffness in starch nor virtue in hot flat-irons. In short, if everything was not just as it should be and a *good-deal more so*, it was anybody's fault but hers.

Every Saturday night little Joe, being the youngest boy, was regularly instructed by his mother to black-ball Mr. Downer's best Sunday-go-to-meeting calf-skin boots, superintending the operation herself, to see

that not a space the size of a sixpence should be left unpolished. When that was done, she commenced operations, clothes-brush in hand, on his Sunday-coat and trowsers; after which, having duly inspected every button and button-hole, they were turned wrong-side out and hung up, so as to be in readiness, all but turning them back again, for the morrow. His hat, too—that is, his Sunday-hat, which Mrs. D. never suffered him to wear on any other day of the week, always excepting town-meeting day, Tanksgiving, and the Fourth of July—was taken from its own particular band-box, nicely brushed, the rim adjusted; then replaced, and the cover of the box tightly fitted on again; when all the arrangements for Mr. Downer's to-morrow's toilet were considered as duly made, if we except the mention of one article only, viz: the *shirt*. Here was Mrs. Downer's great triumph—her "*chef d'œuvre*" as a house-wife. It was, moreover, a very good emblem of Mrs. Downer herself. The whiteness of the linen was emblematic of the purity of her nature, and the quantity of starch in the collar and wristbands fully illustrated one of the leading traits in her character, viz: her formal manners and aristocratic bearing.

Poor Mr. Downer! It was evident to 'all, that he never felt at home in that shirt. The other "togger," to use his own words, he could stand well enough; but that shirt collar completely staggered him. To see him, ever and anon, stretching up his neck, and turning it first one way and then the other, and gasping and swallowing as if his breath were so much rye-and-indian dough, would have convinced the most careless observer that there was anything but starch in him, notwithstanding the quantity in his shirt collar; and, although a pious man, and indeed a deacon, the close of the afternoon's service was always impatiently looked for by him, as he then lost no time in relieving himself of a burden almost as great as a guilty conscience; (which, good man! he did not possess;) for he was no sooner at home, than off went the Sunday-clothes, the whole suit being rendered obnoxious to him on account of the uncomfortable dickey, and on went the tow pants and green baize round-a-bout in a trice; when, as he said, he felt like another man; and, after taking a hasty view of himself in the looking-glass, more fully to satisfy himself that he was the "same old sixpence," he would take a long breath, and then quietly sit down, as if nothing had happened, to spend the remainder of the time before tea in reading the bible and all the sober articles in the family newspaper.

It happened on a certain Sunday, that the pastor of the church in B. exchanged for the afternoon with a preacher in the adjoining town of L.; and as the latter had been but a short time settled in his parish, and was from a distant part of the country, this was his first visit to B.; consequently he was a perfect stranger to all its inhabitants. The congregation had assembled; and as the preacher had some distance to come, he did not arrive until it was quite time for the services to commence. Several of the deacons, among whom was Mr. Downer, waited outside the church to greet him properly when he should arrive, which he did shortly; and after a slight introduction by the head deacon to the others, he was ushered in, ascended the pulpit, and, after the proper preliminary services had been gone through with, preached his sermon. His discourse was much admired, for he was very eloquent, and, moreover, very good-looking, dignified in his man-

nars, and genteelly dressed. "Ah," thought Mrs. Downer, "if Mr. Downer would only dress like him! But never mind—Mr. Downer is dressed to-day, and I am determined to invite the strange preacher to take tea with us, just to let him see how a plain farmer can appear."

When the services were ended, the male portion of the congregation, as is usual in country churches, retired immediately, and waited outside for the females. Several of the latter, including the deacons' wives, remained for the purpose of being introduced by the wife of their own pastor, she being present, to the preacher who had officiated on this occasion; and among the rest was Mrs. Downer, of course. On being introduced, she improved the opportunity for inviting the stranger in very polite and pressing terms to take tea with them; which he consented to do.

Now it so happened on this occasion, that Mr. Downer's shirt collar was more than commonly stiff—so very stiff and unyielding, indeed, that he was in quite an agony of impatience to get it off; so much so, that every minute seemed an hour to him; and after waiting outside for his wife some five minutes, he declared he could stand it no longer; and he hurried home to rid himself of his periodical tormentor.

When Mrs. Downer left the meeting house with the preacher, she was dismayed to find that her husband had gone; and saying to her guest that Mr. Downer was ignorant of her invitation, to account for his not having waited, she thought it best to endeavor to overtake him, if possible; or, at least (but she did not mention this) to reach home before he should have time to doff the Sunday clothes and don the hated tow and balze. And now it was Mrs. Downer's turn to endure the horrors of impatience; for it was a good long walk from the church to their house; and decency, or at least good manners, required that she should not make the preacher run for it, not even a part of the way. However, she endeavored to make the best of it, and conversed with her companion as well as she could under the circumstances, repeating to him the brief compliments which her husband had paid to his discourse before leaving the pew after meeting; and making observations of her own on the same subject. Yet her mind, in spite of all she could do, was greatly harassed with the idea of finding Mr. Downer in that everlasting round-about and accompaniments; which, if realized, would ruin her pretty little project of convincing the clergyman how well a farmer *could* appear; for, to tell the truth, Mr. D. would hardly pass in the dress aforesaid for more than a very ordinary man, or any rate for a very ordinary looking one.

Now, be it known, that Mr. Downer had a little pride, as well as his wife—that is, a little pride of the right sort. Had he thought of such a thing as the parson's coming to take tea at his house, he would have religiously undergone all the torments of the shirt collar, rather than have exhibited such an apparent ignorance of the requirements of common politeness, as entertaining a strange person on a Sunday afternoon in green balze and tow would indicate. But such a thing did not occur to Mr. Downer as being possible. He naturally thought that the parson of L., having exchanged with the parson of B., the house of the latter must be the home of the former during his stay in the village. Certain it is, that Mr. Downer was as innocent of any intentional breach of the rules of politeness, or disrespect toward the stranger, as the babe

unborn. The fact was, Mrs. D. invited the preacher in such polite and pressing terms, that he could not well refuse, especially as the wife of the other clergyman gave her consent to it.

They reached the house at length; and before entering it Mrs. Downer found her worst fears realized. There stood Mr. Downer just inside the window, with his green round-about on; and glancing her eyes downward she satisfied herself that the tow pants were on also. Before entering the door she made a hasty apology to her guest for her husband's dress, saying that he had changed his clothes since meeting. To this the preacher smilingly replied, that he should be equally as glad to see her husband in such a dress as he should if he were clothed in "purple and fine linen;" and hoped she would give herself no unnecessary anxiety on her account.

Mrs. Downer ushered the preacher into the parlor; and Mr. Downer, who was standing at a window in the farther part of the room, made a bow in return for the parson's salutation; and Mrs. D., having seated her guest, left the room to take off her bonnet and shawl, hardly looking at her husband; for in truth the good woman felt not a little provoked with him.

"A fine day," observed the parson, after he had seated himself.

"Why, yes," said the other: "pretty kind o' mid-dlin', considerin' the season."

"Very good weather for farmers, I should think," returned the preacher.

"Why, yes: though 'taint so good as it might be. It does very well for the sheep, but I reckon the hogs aint quite so well satisfied."

"Well," thought the preacher, who did not exactly comprehend what bearing this last remark might have on the subject, "Mr. Downer is not a very refined individual, at all events. His wife is superior to countrywoman in general; but he appears to be an inferior sort of a man, and totally unworthy of such a wife, if we may judge from his looks and conversation."

"I was much pleased with the looks of the congregation this afternoon," continued the parson, after a short pause; "your church appears to be well attended."

"Well, as to that I can't say myself; for it's some-time since I've been inside of it."

"How! Were you not there this afternoon?"

"Why, what on alrth makes you ask that question? You didn't think you saw me there, did you—hey?"

"I really thought I was introduced to you before entering the meeting-house; although it is very true that I should not now have recognized you, but for Mrs. Downer."

"Did she say I was there? Why, she knows very well that I wasn't. Besides, she knows that I don't go to church at all. I dislikes churches in general, and parsons in particular—hopin' you aint one, tho'?"

"What a very vulgar individual!" mentally exclaimed the preacher. "And *this*, then, is the Mr. Downer whose house I have been invited to, instead of the one who was introduced to me before meeting. Where or how could such a clown have got such an interesting wife?"

"Well, I vow," continued the man in green balze, "what an idea!" and he broke out into a laugh. "What an idea that Mrs. Downer should say I was at church. He, he, he, ho, ho, ho-o-o! Well, I'll be darned!"

Just at this moment Mrs. Downer entered; and seeing the preacher's sober face, she wondered what could have caused her husband's merriment.

"Really, Mrs. Downer," said her guest, I must have misunderstood you. I thought you informed me that your husband attended church this afternoon."

"Certainly, I said so," she replied; and turned to her husband to inquire what it all meant; but all at once, as she did so, she started back, exclaiming, "Why! Joe Parker! how come you with Mr. Downer's"—and here she checked herself.

"Sure enough," cried the voice of Mr. Downer himself, who was just entering the room: "Sure enough, Joe; I have been hunting all over the house after them, and had come to the conclusion that my wife had taken them to help along her fire to-morrow, it being washing-day; for she has threatened as much several times." Then, seeing the minister, he bade him welcome very cordially.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said, as they shook hands; "very glad you have favored us with a call. I must apologize for coming away before you left the church; but the fact is, my wife put so much starch into my"—

"Do for pity's sake hold your tongue," said Mrs. Downer, half good-naturedly, half angrily.

"And so," said their guest, smiling, "I have been laboring under quite a mistake, it appears; I took that gentleman for yourself, Mr. Downer, as I had your wife's word for it."

"Oh, that's our Joe—our hired-man," said Mrs. D.; "and my being very near-sighted accounts for my mistake. I recognize the dress as being Mr. Downer's, though I blush to say it; but I never thought of some one else being inside of it."

"Oh, I see through it all now," broke in Joe; "this 'ere gentleman took me for Mr. Downer. Well, I'll be darn'd! Ho! ho! ha! ha!" and Joe laughed as though he were intent upon splitting his sides; in which the rest joined him, although much more modestly.

"A very good joke," said Mr. Downer; "but let us know how you came with my clothes on, without taking the trouble to ask leave."

"Why, you see, I went down to the frog-pond, out there in the tater-field; and seen' a big bull frog out by the other end of a log, I jest walks out to catch him; and just as I'd got about two-thirds o' the way out, over went the log, and in I went, ker-chuck, right into the mud. And as I had but one suit o' clothes, except them as are worn out, I was obliged, you see, to borrow of somebody, while mine is gettin' dry, you know; so, as Mr. Downer warn't to hum, I made bold to take his'n without askin'. But that wa'n't a bad joke, though, takin' me for Mr. Downer, I'll be darn'd!" And here Joe had another laugh.

We need not mention that Mrs. Downer felt greatly relieved when she found it was Joe, instead of her husband, who had been in the parlor all the while with the minister. And after a reprimand bestowed on him for finding nothing better to do than catching frogs on Sunday, they took tea, which was now ready, and everything passed off pleasantly until their guest took his leave; which he did shortly after.

And now, Mr. Downer," said his wife, after the minister had left, "I want you to promise that you will always keep your Sunday-clothes on till dark; and if you knew what I suffered during the time I thought you in company with the parson in that good-for-nothing dress, you would do it, I am convinced."

"On one condition I will," replied Mr. Downer; the nature of which condition may be inferred from the fact that on the next Sunday it was observed that Mr. Downer's shirt collar was not more than half as stiff as usual; a thing much to his satisfaction and the surprise of all the parish.

SONG.

BY WALLER

Go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time, and me,

That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,

And shuns to have her graces spied,

That had'st thou sprung

In deserts, where no men abide,

Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth

Of beauty from the light retired;

Bid her come forth,

Suffer herself to be desired,

And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she

The common fate of all things rare

May read in thee:

How small a part of time they share,

That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

THE DEATH OF SAINT LOUIS.

A SANDY plain, scattered over with stones and broken columns, fragments of departed ages,—a Moorish tower and castle rising in the midst—an army of French crusaders encamped beneath the wall—such was Carthage towards the close of the nineteenth century;—suggesting to the beholder three several histories, each romantic and each mournful. But that local impressions take their tone from the beholder's character, was peculiarly verified in the present instance:—A band of warriors appeared traversing the plain in the direction of the French encampment, and this very scene awoke in the minds of two individuals, profoundly contrary emotions. The train consisted of about fifty well armed men, chiefly retainers of a knight who rode at their head, distinguished as their chief by his appointments, but more so by his gallant and noble bearing. He wore a complete suit of polished and flexible chain-mail: a light, open basnet protected his head, and his surcoat and scarf were more remarkable for simple elegance, than costly blazonry. Fewer than thirty summers could not have passed over his head, but there was an ardor in his eye, and a light, laughter-loving spirit ever playing over his features; so that he looked the young knight pricking forth in his newly won spurs, rather than what he really was, a well proved chevalier. Gaston de Beam was, in truth, one of those buoyant spirits that find or make a sunny side in every circumstance; one, who threw his whole soul alike into every subject, slight or important; equally eager about all things, a revel or a battle, the flight of a hawk or a royal tourney.

His companion, for one rode beside him on terms of perfect equality, was old, and not more worn by time than by toll and care. His spirit seemed less upon the surface, and his chivalrous bearing was tempered with

an air of reflection and grave simplicity. There was something too of melancholy hung over him, which his joyous companion vainly endeavored to dissipate—for the rest, his appointments marked him to be of consequence; though like his horse, they were rather good than gay.

After sundry vain endeavors to inspire and affect gayety, conversation gradually slackened between the leaders, and at last complete silence ensued. Their followers, unrestrained by their example, spoke to each other freely, on the one and only subject they understood, or cared for—war; with its unfailing accompaniments, license, plunder, and daring deeds. They discussed the quarters they had left, boasted their several exploits, abused the climate, and mingled ribald scoffs against the Moslem, with monkish legends, camp-jokes, and ballads.

When they had so nearly approached the spot that they could clearly distinguish the tents and insignia of their countrymen, Gaston de Bearn checked his steed with marks of lively pleasure.

"There, Joinville," said he, extending his hand and pointing forward, "now that slight makes me forget the fever that has kept me so long from my brethren in arms—and it gives me fresh strength too—Saint Dennis! I could break a Saracen's head now, with less trouble than I could my dame's posset bowl a month ago—Joinville, I say."

"I listen, and I hear, and I see," replied the king's seneschal and highly valued friend, in a quiet, melancholy voice.

"The Oriflamme of France waving above a Moorish castle, situated on the ruins of old Carthage!" exclaimed Gaston, with enthusiasm; "spur on, good Joinville—there have been brave doings here for king and knight, and I lay a-bed the while—So, the chiefs quarter like their followers, I see—wise folks and good Frenchmen. A plague say I upon every city, house, and castle, save those made of canvas, pitched on the green turf, tenanted by bold hearts, and guarded by good knights' banners!"

"Ah, Gaston, Gaston," said his companion, "thy man's head is ever at the mercy of thy boy's heart—yonder are canvas castles, as thou phrasest them, in plenty, but where wilt thou find the green turf?"

"Why, sooth to say," answered de Bearn, casting his eye over the burning desert around them, "not just here; and truly, as we near the camp, I am troubled with certain memories of the green banks of the Loire, and with an inconvenient thirst thereby excited—Hubert, find the nearest spring or well, and fill my traveling flagon"—he pointed to his helmet, which hung at his pages's saddle-bow.

Hubert, a war-worn stalwart man-at-arms, nearly as brown as the horse on which he rode, better informed of the sterile and pestilential country, merely replied, "and far enough must I travel, for the nearest, Sir Gaston—little short of the place we left at noon, and now it is hard upon sunset."

"All the better for thee, knave," replied his buoyant master; "the less water the more wine; well," continued he, addressing the silent seneschal, "we shall the better value the cheer of the camp."

"Dear Gaston," replied Joinville, "I misdoubt thy expectations will turn out a mirage instead of a lake; and for thy own, and thy lady's sake, I would thou wert once more safe in thy chateau."

"How!" said Gaston, hastily—"for my dame's sake

if it like you—but not for mine—a de Bearn belongs to his knighthood; that, to his king and the cross. Old friend," said the speaker, relapsing into his natural gayety, "do not tempt me to wish thee king of Tunis for just five seconds, and thy head as well placed for the edge of my sword, as my hand is for the pommel."

The seneschal smiled, "Tilt away with thy wit, my boy," replied he, "but I do wish thee at home again—heavy day's are at hand I fear, and for the old and worn-out like myself, no matter whether our bones lie under marble monuments, or bleach on these baleful shores, but hearts and hands like thine, France will need or I greatly mistake. Age, Gaston, judges of the future by the past."

"Then, Joinville," said de Bearn seriously, "why come you here? You disapproved this last crusade, and refused to accompany the king—and lo, a few months afterwards, you suddenly appear in the chamber of a fever-bound knight, and crave his escort to the camp in Africa!"

"Even so," answered Joinville, "and I tell thee still, I like the cause as little as I did when I beheld the flower of French chivalry assembled in Paris, and heard their shouts of *Dieu le veut*—when our monarch received the cross from the Cardinal Saint Cecile. Listen Gaston; I have been bold and buoyant as thyself in the cause of the cross—that time is gone by; I am not a crusader now, I seek not the king, I seek Louis—therefore am I here."

"Now wilt I wager, that the shank of thy spur bears the motto, '*En loyal amour de tout mon cœur*.' Well, thou art a noble gray-head—but answer me, seneschal—is not thy present errand to persuade our king to carry back the Oriflamme to France?"

"Would it were possible!" was the reply.

"And why that *would*, thou heretic?"

"Because the infidels possessing Palestine, is a small evil compared with those proud, melancholy islanders, the English, setting foot in France—because the cause of our crusaders is hopeless—Godfrey himself could not restrain their evil dispositions, and it would take Saint Michael instead of St. Louis to contend with these Paynim troops—fiery as their climate, ferocious as their wild beasts, and subtle as their serpents—and because, if thou wouldst have another reason, what the Saracen spares the pestilence always takes. But come, Gaston, it is now my turn to say spur on."

Conversation now entirely ceased, for they entered the camp, which lay before the city, and the large, irregular castle surrounded with walls and flanked with towers. Unlike, however, the abode of soldiery and more especially of French soldiery, there was no semblance of mirth and enjoyment. There was no appearance of occupation, no armorer's clinking hammer, no war-like sports, not even the sound of minstrel song and story. A dull quiet reigned on all sides, and an expression of wondering sadness was stamped on the few countenances they met.

"We may prepare for ill tidings," said Joinville.

"Yonder is Montmorenci's banner, let us hasten to him," answered Gaston.

They rode to the pavilion, and inquired for the Court.

"My lord is with the king," replied the squire who obeyed the summons.

"Where then shall we find the Chevalliers de Valeri, de Beaujeu, de Baillie?"

The same answer was repeated; they, too, were with the king.

"What news of him?" inquired Joinville anxiously.

The squire hesitated, for he knew the peculiar attachment which subsisted between the monarch and his seneschal.

"Tell us everything," said Gaston, "and good squire, tell us in the fewest and shortest words thou hast at hand."

Few words and sad will suffice"—replied the squire—"a multitude of Saracens feigned conversation, and were admitted to our camp; they arose at midnight and attacked us. We have been harassed by the Arabs like locusts—our few wells are poisoned—our food runs short—pestilence has broken out—the Counts de Vendome, de la March, de Nemours, with many others, are already dead; and the king himself is dying. This is our history since victory introduced us to misfortune."

No sooner did the words, "the king is dying," reach the ears of Joinville, than as if that single sorrow concentrated and outweighed all that had preceded it, he made but one more brief inquiry, set spur to his horse with the fiery impatience of youth, and before his astonished companion could follow him, had gained the castle gate, traversed the spacious area within, entered the tower inhabited by the monarch, and stood amongst the leaders of the French army there assembled. Heedless of the surprise excited by his unexpected appearance, the mind of Joinville was solely occupied by one paralyzing idea; that death threatened his beloved master, the royal friend with whom he had been so long associated, in peace, in war, and in captivity. Age and infirmities had damped his crusading spirit, but his loyal love for Louis, burnt strong and vigorous as of old; a noble flame, emitted from a feeble censor.

"The king! the king!" he exclaimed, in a tone that implied interrogation—"Montmorenci de Palen, noble chevaliers, ye have not ceased to hope—tell him of my arrival—tell him that Joinville craves permission to implore on his knees pardon for having withstood his wishes—tell him—"

At this instant the royal almoner entered the apartment, and summoned the assembly to the presence of the dying monarch. From him Joinville valiantly endeavored to gain an opinion more favorable to his heart's desire; his former intelligence was only confirmed, that the pestilence, after laying low multitudes of his followers, had fastened upon the leader, the noblest and the best.

With slow and mournful steps the chiefs entered the king's sleeping room, and silently ranged themselves at the foot of his couch. The princes, his sons, and brothers were already there, stationed on each side. In the midst was Louis raised and supported by pillows, so that he preserved nearly an upright position: the effect of his meek, attenuated countenance, heightened by the absence of all royal decoration—a mantle of plain white camblet thrown over his shoulders—his fine gray head entirely uncovered—one hand placed upon his heart, the other resting upon a roll of parchment, his dying counsel to his successor—he rather resembled a patriarch peacefully departing in the presence of his household, than a powerful monarch expiring in a camp, surrounded by warlike barons.

Deep and mournful silence reigned throughout the

circle; every eye was fixed upon the king, and tears, the tears, the hard-wrung tears of bearded men fell fast and recklessly. In the breasts of some, the grief was of a personal nature, in that of others it was political; but on one account or another, sorrow lay heavily at the heart of each.

One thought of Louis as the hero, and called to mind the day of Damietta, when, helmeted and armed at all points, he sprang boldly from his ship into the sea, his shield depending from his neck, his sword in his hand, and, despising the waves that beat round him, he cried out to his companions—"we have no time to deliberate, we have time only to conquer."

Another thought of him as the saint, and recalled his entrance into the captured city: when the victorious monarch preceded his warriors barefoot, in the guise, and with the heart of a lowly pilgrim.

The memory of a third, wiser and more patriotic, reverted to France, and contemplated Louis in his proper sphere—the wise legislator, the conscientious judge, the friend of order and of peace—walking everywhere without attendants, and seated in the garden of Paris, or oftener beneath the oaks of Vincennes, rendering justice to all who sought it at his hands—in deed, as truly as in word, the friend of his people.

Others again recalled him to their minds as the heroic captive; nobler even in the prison of the infidel, than in the palace of his fathers: meeting every menace of torture and of death, with answer equally kingly and Christian. "The Soldan may destroy my body as he pleases, my soul belongs only to God."

These and a thousand recollections of his chivalrous gentleness, his pure morals, his care of others, and his exposure of himself, oppressed every heart; and those who could have braved death in their own persons, trembled now that it approached their king. He alone was tranquil, and even cheerful.

"My friends," said he, breaking the mournful silence, and smiling upon them as he spoke, "I sent for you to receive my farewell. My course is finished, but wherefore lament? It is right, that as your chief, I should be the first to lead the way to death, only be prepared to follow me when your time arrives."

He then presented to them Philip his eldest son and successor, and requested for him their solemn pledge of fealty and affection. Afterwards, with mingled solemnity and tenderness, he committed to the future king, those instructions which he had written with his own hand, and now enforced with his dying breath. They were tinctured with monasticism, but throughout the mists of religious error shone the wise, and virtuous, and parental king.

One by one, and for the last time, the assembled barons then approached the couch, and kissed the cold hand that for nearly half a century had awayed the sceptre of France. A word, a smile, or a look of recognition he bestowed upon each, forgetful to the end of himself anxious only for the comfort of others. Joinville approached last; feeble from age, and now overwhelmed with grief, sobs and tears alone expressed his fidelity. The unexpected sight of his faithful seneschal lighted up for a moment the monarch's faded and fast closing eye; and at the instant, when all, except his confessors, were ushered from the apartment, he gave him his hand, tacitly affording him the melancholy privilege of receiving his last sigh. Having thus fulfilled the duties connected with his station, his faith and its ministers solely occupied his mind.

The cares of the king, the ardor of the hero, the feelings of the father, silently ebbed away; and there remained to him but the one hope, and single desire of the Christian, and the dying man.

Honor to his memory! Scriptural plety may sigh, that in following the blind guides of his age, he was "in all things too superstitious;" and enlightened heroism may regret, that he sacrificed the welfare of his kingdom to a chivalrous chimera, or rather to a religious passion for the crusaders; but still, with every spot and every drawback—honor to the memory of Louis, whom, if the priests pronounced a saint, his people regarded as a father!

THE MAMELUKES.

BY DR. ROWSING.

DULL clouds gather round the pale beams of the crescent,
The flags of the infidel shine in the sun—
Al hamdu li illah!—the light evanescent
Is veild—let the will of high Allah be done.
We dream of the past, but the past is departed;
We look to the future, it wears a black pall:
Al hamdu li illah!—the brave are faint-hearted—
The mantle of destiny girdeth us all.

Time was, when the palms of Grenada we planted;
The palms flourish still, but the planters are gone:
Time was when our song by the Darro we chanted;
Al hamdu li illah!—the Darro flows on;
But our voices are choked—our Alhelis faded—
Thick deepens the darkness foretold by the seer:
Al hamdu li illah!—our Stamboul invaded—
And where is the standard of Mahomet—where?

THE RED HALL.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

SOMEWHAT more than five hundred years ago, and Berwick-upon-Tweed was the most wealthy and flourishing city of Great Britain. Its commerce was the most extensive, its merchants the most enterprising and successful. London in some measure strove to be its rival, but it possessed not a tenth of the natural advantages, and Berwick continued to bear the palm alone—being styled the Alexandria of the nations, the emporium of commerce, and one of the first commercial cities of the world. This state of prosperity it owed almost solely to Alexander III., who did more for Berwick than any sovereign that has since claimed its allegiance. He brought over a colony of wealthy Flemings, for whom he erected an immense building, called the Red Hall, (situated where the Wool-market now stands,) and which at once served as dwelling-houses, factories, and a fortress. The terms upon which he granted a charter to this company of merchants, were, that they should defend, even unto death, their Red Hall against every attack of an enemy, and of the English in particular. Wool was the staple commodity of their commerce; but they also traded extensively in silks and in foreign manufactures. The people of Berwick understood FREE TRADE in those days. In this state of peace and enviable prosperity, it continued until the spring of 1296. The bold, the crafty, and revengeful Edward I., meditated, an invasion of Scotland; and Berwick from its wealth, situation, and importance, was naturally anticipated to be the first object of his attack. To defeat this, Baliol, whom we can sometimes almost admire—though generally we despise and pity him—sent the chief men of

Fife and their retainers to the assistance of the town. Easter week arrived, but no tidings were heard of Edward's movements, and business went on with its wonted bustle. Among the merchants of the Red Hall, was one known by the appellation of William the Fleming, and he had a daughter, an heiress and only child, whose beauty was the theme of Berwick's minstrels, when rhyme was beginning to begin. Many a knee was bent to the rich and beautiful Isabella; but she preferred the humble and half-told passion of Francis Scott, who was one of the clerks in the Red Hall, to all the chivalrous declamations of prouder lovers. Francis possessed industry and perseverance; and these, in the eyes of her father, were qualifications precious as rubies. These, with love for his daughter, overcame other mercenary objections, and the day for marriage had arrived. Francis and Isabella were kneeling before the altar, and the priest was pronouncing the service—the merchant was gazing fondly over his child—when a sudden and a hurried peal from the Bell Tower broke upon the ceremony—and cries of "the English! to arms!" were heard from the street. The voice of the priest faltered—he stopped—William the Fleming placed his hand upon his sword—the bridegroom started to his feet, and the fair Isabella clung to his side. "Come, children," said the merchant, "let us to the Hall—a happier hour may bless your nuptials—this is no moment for bridal ceremony." And, in silence, each man grasping his sword, they departed from the chapel, where the performance of the marriage rites was broken by the sounds of invasion. The ramparts were crowded with armed citizens, and a large English fleet were seen bearing round Lindisferne. In a few hours the hostile vessels entered the river, and commenced a furious attack upon the town. Their assault was returned by the inhabitants as men who were resolved to die for liberty. For hours the battle raged, and the Tweed became as a sheet of blood. But while the conflict rose fiercest, again the Bell Tower sent forth its sounds of death. Edward, at the head of thirty-five thousand chosen troops, had crossed the river at Coldstream, and was now seen encamping at the foot of Halidon Hill. Part of his army immediately descended upon the town, to the assistance of his fleet. They commenced a resolute attack from the north, while the greater part of the garrison held bloody combat with the ships in the river. Though thus attacked upon both sides, the besieged fought with the courage of surrounded lions, and the proud fleet was defeated and driven from the river.

The attacks of the army were desperate, but without success, for desperate were the men who opposed them. Treachery, however, that to this day remains undiscovered, existed in the town; and, at an hour when the garrison thought not, the gates were deceitfully opened, and the English army rushed like a torrent upon the streets. Wildly the work of slaughter began. With the sword and with the knife, the inhabitants defended every house, every foot of ground.

Mild mothers and gentle maidens fought for their thresholds with the fury of hungry wolves—and delicate hands did deeds of carnage. The war of blood raged from street to street, while the English army poured on like a ceaseless stream. Shouts, groans, the clang of swords, and the shrieks of women mingled together. Fiercer grew the close and the deadly warfare; but the numbers of the besieged became few.

Heaps of dead men lay at every door, each with his sword glued to his hands by the blood of an enemy. Of the warriors from Fife, every man perished; but their price was a costly sacrifice of the boldest lives in England. The streets ran deep with blood: and, independent of slaughtered enemies, the mangled and lifeless bodies of seventeen thousand of the inhabitants paved the streets. The war of death ceased only from lack of lives to prey upon. With the exception of the Red Hall, the town was an awful and a silent charnel-house. Within it were the thirty brave Flemings, pouring their arrows upon the triumphant besiegers, and resolved to defend it to death. Among them was the father of Isabella, and by his side his intended son-in-law, his hands, which lately held a bride's, dripping with blood. The entire strength of the English army pressed around the Hall; and fearful were the doings which the band of devoted merchants, like death's own marksmen, made in the midst of them. What the besiegers, however, failed to effect by force, they effected by fire; and the Red Hall became enveloped in flames—its wool, its silks, and rich merchandize blazing together, and causing the fierce elements to ascend like a pyramid. Still the brave men stood in the midst of the conflagration, unquailed, hurling death upon their enemies; and, as the fire raged from room to room, they rushed to the roof of their Hall, discharging their last arrow on their besiegers, and waving their swords around their heads with a shout of triumph. There, also, stood the father, his daughter, and her lover, smiling and embracing each other in death. Crash succeeded crash—the flames ascended higher and higher—and the proud building was falling to pieces. A louder crash followed, the fierce elements surrounded the brave victims—the gentle Isabella, leaning on her bridegroom, was seen waving her slender hand in triumph round her head—the hardy band waved their swords and shouted “*Liberty!*” and, in one moment more, the building fell to the earth, and the heroes, the bridegroom, and his bride, were buried in the ruins of their fortress and their factory.

Thus fell the Red Hall, and with it the commercial glory of Berwick. Sir William Douglas surrendered the castle to Edward, and the town was given up to plunder and brutality. Its trade in wool and in foreign merchandize was transferred to its rival, London—and need we say that it has not recovered it?

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

THE TALE OF A MODERN GENIUS.

It was on this awful night (the night preceding the battle of Bosworth Field) according to a letter which I have read from Dr. Thomas Brett to Dr. William Warren, president of Trinity Hall, that the king took his last farewell, in his tent, of Richard Plantagenet, his natural son, who himself thus describes that interview. “I was boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, without knowing who my parents were, I was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentleman who acquainted me he was no relative of mine, came once a quarter and paid for my board and took care to see that I wanted for nothing. One day this gentleman took me and carried me to a great fine house, where I passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left me, bidding me stay there. Then a man richly dressed, with a star and garter, came to me, asked me some questions, talked kindly to me, and gave me some

money. Then the forementioned gentleman returned, and conducted me back to my school.

“Some time after, the same gentleman came to me again with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told me I must take a journey with him into the country. We went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth Field, and I was carried to King Richard's tent. The King embraced me and told me I was his son. ‘But child,’ said he, ‘to-morrow I must fight for my crown. And assure yourself if I lose that, I will lose my life too: but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand on yonder hill where you may see the battle out of danger, and when I have gained the victory come to me: I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let no one know that I am your father; for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me.’ The king then presented me with a purse of gold, and giving me a farewell embrace dismissed me from his tent. I followed the king's directions; and when I saw the battle lost and the king killed, I hastened back to London, and sold my horse and fine clothes; and the better to conceal myself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that I might have the means to live by my honest labor, I put myself apprentice to a bricklayer. But having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, I was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those I am obliged to work with, I generally spend all the time I have to spare in reading to myself.”

The letter says, “When Sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell House, near London, about the year 1544, he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read, but was some time before he could discover it; still putting the book up if anybody came toward him. However, at last, Sir Thomas surprized him, and snatched the book from him, and looked into it found it to be Latin. He then examined him, and finding he pretty well understood that language, he inquired how he came by his learning. Hereupon the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him a secret he had never before revealed to any one. He then related the above story. Sir Thomas said, ‘you are now old and almost past your labor; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live.’ He answered, ‘Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired, give me leave to build a house of one room for myself in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die.’ Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued to his death. Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22d day of December, anno ut supra ex registro de Eastwell sub 1550. This is all the register mentions of him, so that we cannot say whether he was buried in the church or church-yard; nor is there now any other memorial of him except the tradition in the family, and some little marks where his house stood. Thus lived and died in low and poor obscurity, the only remaining son of Richard III.

THE SET OF DIAMONDS

MR. E—, a physician well known for his skill in mental disorders, saw arrive at his gate, one morning, a lady who seemed forty years old, although still young and fresh. Madame la Comtesse de —, was ad-

mitted within the gate of the celebrated physician. The countess introduced herself on the spot, and spoke as a mother in desolation and despair, in the following terms:

"Sir, you see a woman a prey to the most violent chagrin. I have a son; he is very dear to me as well as to my husband; he is our only son."

Tears like rain fell, such as Artemisa shed over the tomb of Mausoleus.

"Ah, yes:—Y—es, alas, sir! and for some time we have suffered the most horrible fears. He is now at the age when the passions develop. Although we gratify all his wishes, money, liberty, &c., he evinces many signs of demerit. The most remarkable is, that he is always talking about jewelry, or of diamonds, which he has sold or given to some woman, all unintelligible. We suppose that he has become amorous of a woman, no better perhaps, than she should be, and that involved himself in burthensome engagements to satisfy his desires. This, sir, is but a conjecture. The father and I are lost in sounding the course of this folly."

"Well, madam, bring your son here."

"Ah, to-morrow, sir—by all means, at noon."

"That will do."

The doctor respectfully conducted the lady to her carriage, not forgetting to scan the coat of arms and the lackeys.

The next morning the Countess drove to a famous jeweller, and after having a long time cheapened a set of thirty thousand crowns, she finally purchased. She negligently drew a purse from her reticule, and finding there ten thousand francs in bank notes, spread them out; but immediately gathering them up, she said to the jeweller, "you had better send a person with me. My husband will pay him. I find I have not the entire sum."

The jeweller made a sign to a young man, who proudly delighted to go in such an equipage, started off with the Countess M. She drove to the doctor's door. She whispered to the doctor, "this is my son, I leave him with you." To the young man she said, "my husband is in his study—walk in; he will pay you."

The young man went in. The Countess and the carriage went off at first slow, and noiseless; soon after the horses galloped.

"Ah, well, young man," said the physician, "you understand the business, I suppose. Let us see; how do you feel? what is going on in this young head?"

"What passes in my head, sir? Nothing except settling for the diamonds."

"We understand all that," said the doctor, gently pushing aside the bill. "I know, I know."

"If the gentleman knows the amount, no more remains but to pay the cash."

"Indeed! indeed! Be calm, where did you get your diamonds? what has become of them?—say as much as you will; I will listen patiently."

"The business is to pay me, sir, thirty thousand crowns."

"Wherefore?"

"How wherefore?" said the young man, whose eyes began to glisten.

"Yes, why should I pay you?"

"Because Madam, the Countess, has just purchased the diamonds at our house."

"Good? here we have you. Who is the Countess?"

"Your wife;" and he presented a bill.

"But do you know, young man, that I have the honor to be a physician and a widower?"

Here the young man became transported, and the doctor called his domestics, and bade them seize him by the hands and feet, which raised his transport to fury. He cried "thief! murderer!" but at the end of a quarter of an hour he calmed down, explained everything soberly, and a terrible light began to dawn upon the doctor.

Notwithstanding all the search that could be made, this singular theft, so witty, so original from the scene which took place between the physician and the young man, was never discovered. The intregante had taken care to conceal every trace of herself. The drivers and lackeys were her accomplices. The carriage was hired, and this history remains a monument in the memoirs of jewellers.

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

MR. WALLACE'S LECTURE UPON BLENNERHASSETT.

We listened to this discourse with a degree of interest which ordinary addresses, termed "lectures," rarely awaken. The romantic history of its subject, and the meagre number of ostensible facts hitherto possessed by the public in relation to Blennerhassett, were elucidated in a clear, forcible and eloquent manner by the speaker, and fully controverted the prevailing hypothetical blunders making the circuit of the newspapers, that he was a "penniless adventurer," and "traitor to our government," &c.

Mr. Blennerhassett was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a class-mate of Thomas Addis Emmett, with whom there existed an uninterrupted friendship through life. He was a gentleman of rare accomplishments and attainments; being a musician and a composer—a scholar of great erudition, and a writer of force and classic elegance of style, as the subjoined extract will fully attest. This interpolation (which we report from the discourse) is a description of the celebrated Luther Martin, of the Baltimore bar, and Burr's principal counsel at the trial. It was taken from Blennerhassett's private memoranda.

We trust Mr. Wallace will find time to repeat this discourse before he abandons all other pursuits for that of the law, to which, we learn, he intends to devote himself, having been for some years a counsellor in Kentucky. He has, by his talents, made himself heard, and, to use the language of a cotemporary, "when men walk up hill on their own legs," the public should not forget them.

LUTHER MARTIN—BY BLENNERHASSETT.

As we were chatting after dinner, in staggered the whole rear guard of Burr's forensic army—I mean the celebrated Luther Martin, who yesterday concluded his fourteen hours' speech. His visit was to Major Smith; but he took me by the hand, saying, there was no need of an introduction. I was too much interested by the little I had seen, and the great things I had heard of this man's powers and passions, not to improve the present opportunity to survey him in every light the length of his visit would permit. I accordingly recommended our brandy as superior, placing a pint tumbler before him. (Martin was not particularly adverse to a glass.) "No ceremonies retarded the libation—no enquiries were solicited him upon any subject, till apprehensions of his withdrawing suggested some topic to quiet him upon his seat. Were I now to mention only the subjects of law, politics, news, et cetera, on which he descanted, I should not be believed, when I had said his visit did not exceed thirty-five minutes. Imagine a

man capable in that space of time of delivering some account of an entire week's proceedings in the trial, with extracts from memory of several speeches on both sides, including long ones from his own—to recite half columns verbatim of a series of papers of which he said he is the author—to characterize Jefferson—to give a history of his acquaintance with Burr—expatiate on his virtues and sufferings—maintain his credit—embellish his fame—and intersperse the whole with sententious reprobations and praises of several other characters! Some estimate, with these preparations, may be formed of this man's powers, which are yet shackled by a preternatural secretion of saliva, that embarrasses his delivery. In this, his manner is rude and his language ungrammatical, which is cruelly aggravated upon his hearers, by the verbosity and repetitions of his style. With the warmest passions that hurry him like a torrent over those characters or topics that lie most in the way of their course, he has by practice acquired a faculty of curbing his feelings, which he never suffers to charge the enemy, till broken by the superior number of his arguments and authorities, by which he outflanks him; when he lets loose the reserve upon the centre, with redoubled impetuosity. Yet fancy has been denied to his mind and grace to his person and habits. These are gross and incapable of restraint even upon the most solemn public occasions. This is, at all times, awkward and disgusting: hence his invectives are rather coarse than pointed—his eulogiums more fulsome than pathetic. In short every trait of his portrait may be given in a word—He is the “*THERESITES OF THE LAW*.”

BAGDAD.—We always thought—we confess our ignorance, and beg pardon—we always thought that Bagdad—the renowned city of the caliphs—around which the golden and paradisaical sheen of fiction has been so gracefully thrown, was as ancient, almost, as the patriarchs; nor do we know *how* or *why* we thought so, unless in the soul-entrancing moments—ay, hours—of bliss that we have lingered over the “*Arabian Nights' Entertainments*,” our imagination transported us from earth to a world peopled with fair ladies, gallant princes, beautiful fairies, and frightful genii. We were somewhat disappointed, therefore,—perhaps sorrowful—when we actually found out that Bagdad belongs exclusively to the Christian era, and we will print the information for those (if any there be) who are in like manner ignorant. The foundations of the city were laid A. D. 762, upon the eastern bank of the Tigris, and was surrounded by a double wall of a circular form. At one period its population was so numerous that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by a procession of eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women. The name is derived thus: *Bag*, in the Persian tongue, signifying *garden*—*Dad*, a Christian hermit, whose cell had been the only habitation on the spot—the *Garden of Dad*. At this day it has dwindled to a miserable provincial town of old buildings and dirty narrow streets. A few years ago it was visited by a terrible plague, during the prevalence of which, the Tigris overflowed its banks, inundating and destroying a large portion of the city; and, through the combined influence of both, scarce a wreck was left to tell of its ancient glory and greatness.

THOMAS HOOD.—We are pleased to see, for once, that justice has been done to a poet before he has starved to death. A pension, from the funds of the Civil List, has been conferred upon Mr. Hood; but—is it because he has written much poetry honorable to his feelings of humanity, such as “*The Song of the Shirt*,” “*The Lay of the Laborer*,” &c;? or—to prevent him from writing more such? We should think such themes were not pleasing to the British Government—its eyes are not wont to be turned in upon its

heart of misery so long as it remains pleased with the glittering bauble upon its head; therefore, instead of doing what, perhaps, the Austrian or Russian governments would do, it pats him familiarly on his back, and calls him a “*clever fellow*.” A fat dog wont hunt. Give a baby a sugar-teat and he will cease to be troublesome—while the sugar lasts. Now we shall see—if Mr. Hood possesses the heart we give him credit for—if he is still the advocate of the poor, he will not forget them; if otherwise, why—that is British policy at home, that's all.

NEW WORKS.—We have received from Leonard Scott & Co., 112 Fulton street, a reprint of the January number of *Blackwood*. It is got up in style and form like the original, and well printed on fine white paper. The great reputation of this magazine, all the world over, renders it superfluous for us to go largely into its praise, further than to recommend it to those of our readers who do not see it, as one of the *very best* magazines in the English language. The articles in the present number are all of uncommon interest, among which we would especially recommend “*Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo*,” and “*Coleridge and Opium Eating*,”—the latter article, we suspect, from rare old Christopher North.

The same publishers issue beautiful editions of the “*Edinburgh Review*,” the “*London Quarterly Review*,” the “*Westminster Review*,” and the “*Foreign Quarterly Review*.” Delightful reading for a cosy chimney corner during a long winter's evening.

CORRESPONDENTS.—Where are they? Has the cold winter weather frozen them up? or do they repose upon the laurels they have already won? There are several we should be right cheerful to hear from again. Where has flown the chaste muse of kindly remembered “*C. M. S.*”? What has frightened away “*A. J. H. D.*”? Where is sweet “*Lora*,” and “*Ella*,” and “*C. D. S—*,” and “*L—*,” and “*Richard*,” and a host of others—where are ye *all*? Come, resume your wands, and once more throng around us like familiar spirits. Take heart again; and take example, also, from the constancy of our friend Clements, who has written many fine things for us, *vide* his “*Grave in the Wilderness*,” which we present in this week's number. By the way—we have a dearly beloved friend in Boston whom we remember in our earlier days to have written beautiful poetry. Could he but bring himself to do a good thing for us occasionally, for a verity we should be much pleased. However, there may not be much sympathy between a mercantile life and the muses; still, we think he might occasionally spare us one of his evenings at home—it would seem so much like old times again. May the fancy come over him!

ANNA, an industrious old lady of Bovillæ, was deified, and festivals in honor of her were instituted, as a reward for her kindness in daily supplying the Romans at Mount Sacer with cakes.

That is what we call “*hurrying up the cakes*” to some purpose.

“It is a great virtue in a man to be always able to say ‘No,’ don't you think so, Quilp?”

“No!” said Quilp, with provoking gravity.

Our young readers will find beautiful Valentines at Strong's depot, 98 Nassau street.

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THE MINIATURE.

